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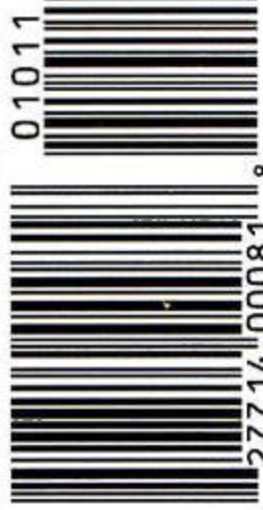


ISSUE 10

\$3.99



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DOCTOR • WHO™



The Doctor

He's a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey. He's more than 900 years old. If there's danger, he's the man who's going to save your life—and everyone on your planet. Got a problem with that?



The TARDIS

The Doctor's dimensionally transcendental time/space machine, cunningly disguised as a police public call box. The trip of a lifetime is guaranteed with every journey!

THE STORY SO FAR...

The Doctor and his two new friends from 1920s Hollywood have joined his former companion Martha Jones at Greenwich Park, where the trees have seemingly come to life. They soon stumbled upon the lair of alien, clockwork angels whilst coming under attack by the trees...

Doctor Who #10 • "DON'T STEP ON GRASS" • Part Two: "Old Friends"



Regular Cover
Art by Paul Grist
Colors by Phil Elliott



Cover RI
Art by Paul Grist
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Advertising Sales: (858) 270-1315 x 101

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Special thanks to Gary Russell and David Turbitt for their invaluable assistance.

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GREENWICH PARK.

KILL THE HUMANS!

BRACKKAAA



KRAK

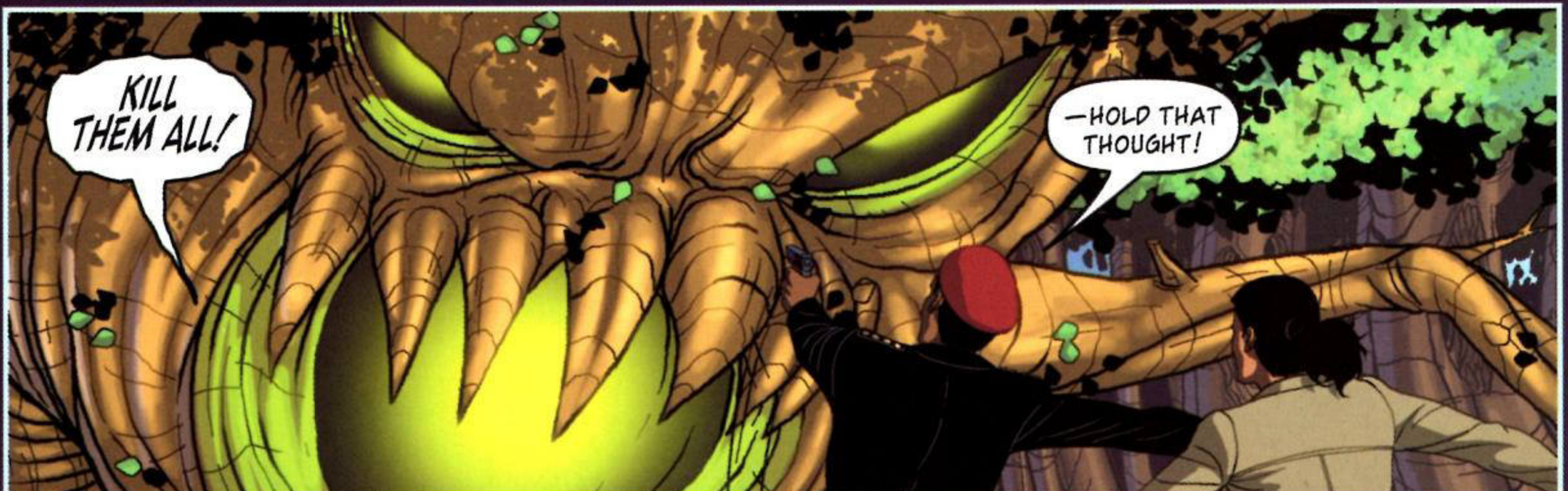
ARGHHHH!



THE BULLETS
AREN'T HURTING THEM!
WE NEED SOMETHING
BIGGER!

I'VE ALREADY CALLED
FOR FLAMETHROWERS!
GRAB THE ROCKET
LAUNCHER!
WE CAN—

CRASH



KILL
THEM ALL!

—HOLD THAT
THOUGHT!



WE'LL COME
BACK TO IT AFTER WE
SURVIVE THIS! GRAB
THE RUCKSACK!

RETREAT BACK
TO THE ENTRANCE!
BACK AWAY FROM THE
OBSERVATORY!

AND FIND ME
THE DOCTOR!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



FREE!

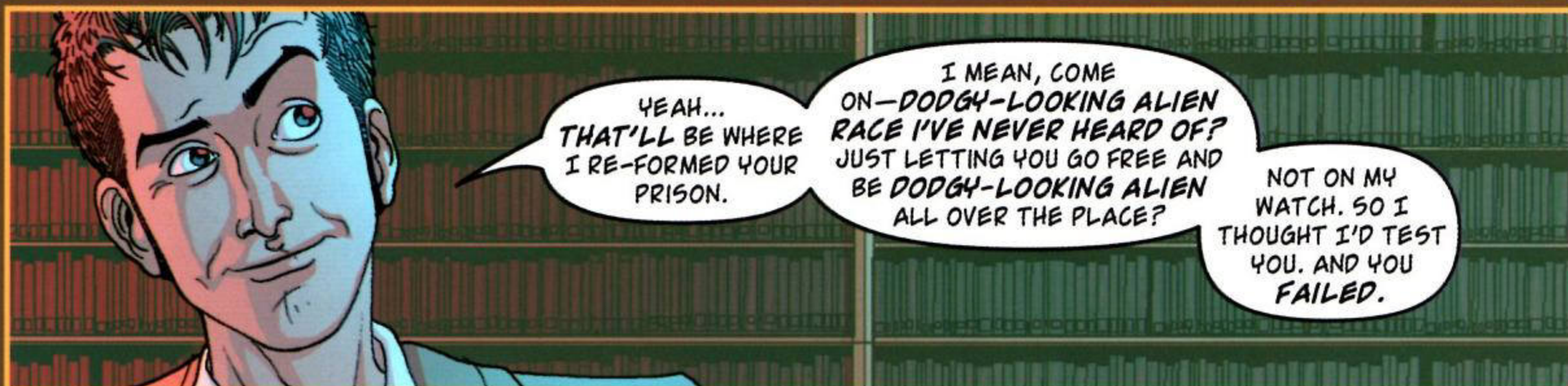
**FREE AT LAST
TO DESTROY THIS
PATHETIC RACE!**

**SOON MY ANGELS WILL
ALL BE REBORN... AND THE
WORLD WILL BECOME OUR
PLAYTHING!**

**AND IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT,
DOCTOR!**



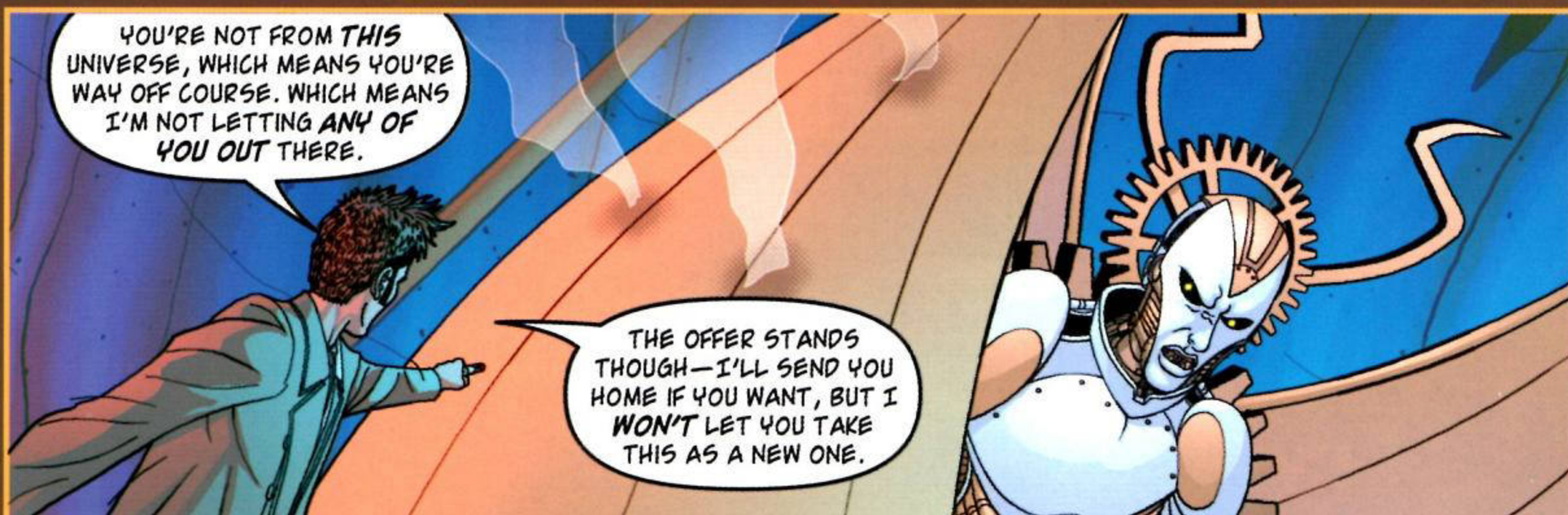
NOW ALL
WE MUST
DO IS—
—ARGHH!
WHAT
TRICKERY IS
THIS?!



YEAH...
THAT'LL BE WHERE
I RE-FORMED YOUR
PRISON.

I MEAN, COME
ON—DODGY-LOOKING ALIEN
RACE I'VE NEVER HEARD OF?
JUST LETTING YOU GO FREE AND
BE DODGY-LOOKING ALIEN
ALL OVER THE PLACE?

NOT ON MY
WATCH. SO I
THOUGHT I'D TEST
YOU. AND YOU
FAILED.



YOU'RE NOT FROM *THIS*
UNIVERSE, WHICH MEANS YOU'RE
WAY OFF COURSE. WHICH MEANS
I'M NOT LETTING ANY OF
YOU OUT THERE.

THE OFFER STANDS
THOUGH—I'LL SEND YOU
HOME IF YOU WANT, BUT I
WON'T LET YOU TAKE
THIS AS A NEW ONE.



A MORTAL
TELLS ME WHAT
TO DO? ME?

**KILL THE
WOMAN! MAKE
THE TIME LORD
FREE ME!**

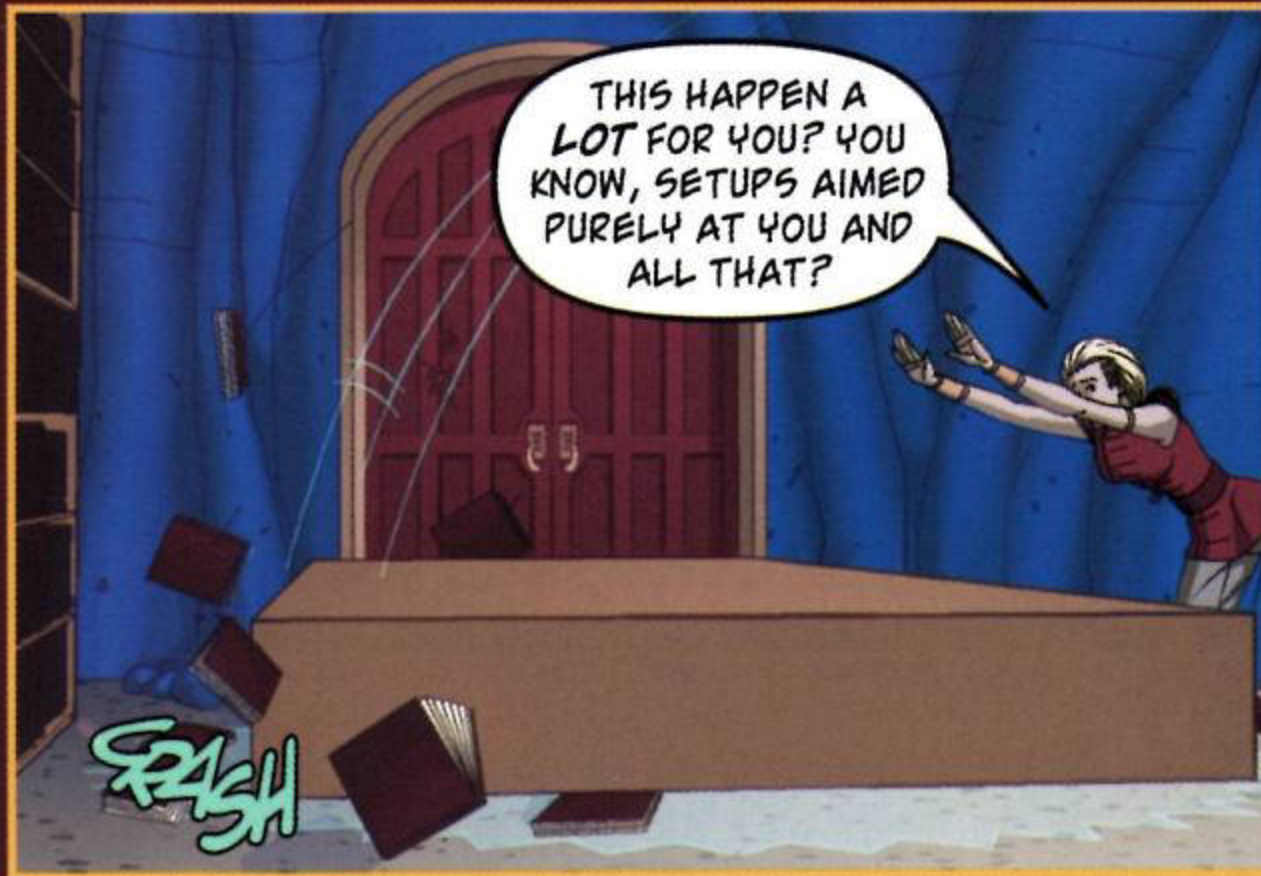
LOVE TO.



BRANKKAAA

NOW *THAT'S*
NOT GOING TO HELP
YOUR CASE NOW,
IS IT?!

**RUN,
EMILY!**





SO WHAT NOW?
WE JUST SIT AND
WAIT?

WHAT'S **WRONG**
WITH THIS PICTURE?
JOHN DEE BRINGS HIS
ENTIRE COLLECTION OF
BOOKS FROM
MORTLAKE... ...BUT WHY DOES
HE PLACE THEM
LIKE **THIS**? WHAT'S
HE HIDING?



EVERYTHING IS ORGANISED
METICULOUSLY, BUT THESE BOOKS
HERE—YOU **NEVER** PUT GREEK
PHILOSOPHY WITH MECHANICAL
STRUCTURE—



AHA!

DOCTOR!



I KNEW IT! THE OLD
SECRET-TRAPDOOR
TRICK! NEVER FAILS
TO AMUSE ME!

WELL,
UNLESS I'M ON
IT, OF COURSE.
LIKE NOW.

GREAT. SO
WHERE ARE
WE?



WELL, WE WERE
ABOUT 200 FEET BELOW
THE PARK, AND THAT
CHUTE ADDED PERHAPS
ANOTHER FIFTY...

...SO I'D SAY WE'RE
IN A DEEP **CAVERN** OF
SOME KIND. PROBABLY MADE
THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. IF
I USE THE SCREWDRIVER,
I CAN GENERATE—

—WOULD YOU
LOOK AT **THAT**, EMILY
WINTER. YOU DON'T SEE
ONE OF **THOSE** EVERY
DAY.





COME ON,
MARTHA!
GET UP!



NOT SO MUCH A
TIN DOG NOW, ARE
YOU, MATTHEW?!

FLASH BANGS AND
PARTY TRICKS ARE STILL
NOTHING AGAINST GIANT,
TALKING TREES THAT
WANT TO SQUASH US,
THOUGH!



THANKS.
CAPTAIN! IS
THAT —

IT'S ONE OF THE TWO
KRYNOID ROCKETS YOU
ACQUIRED, MARTHA. IF IT
DOES WHAT IT SAYS ON
THE TIN...



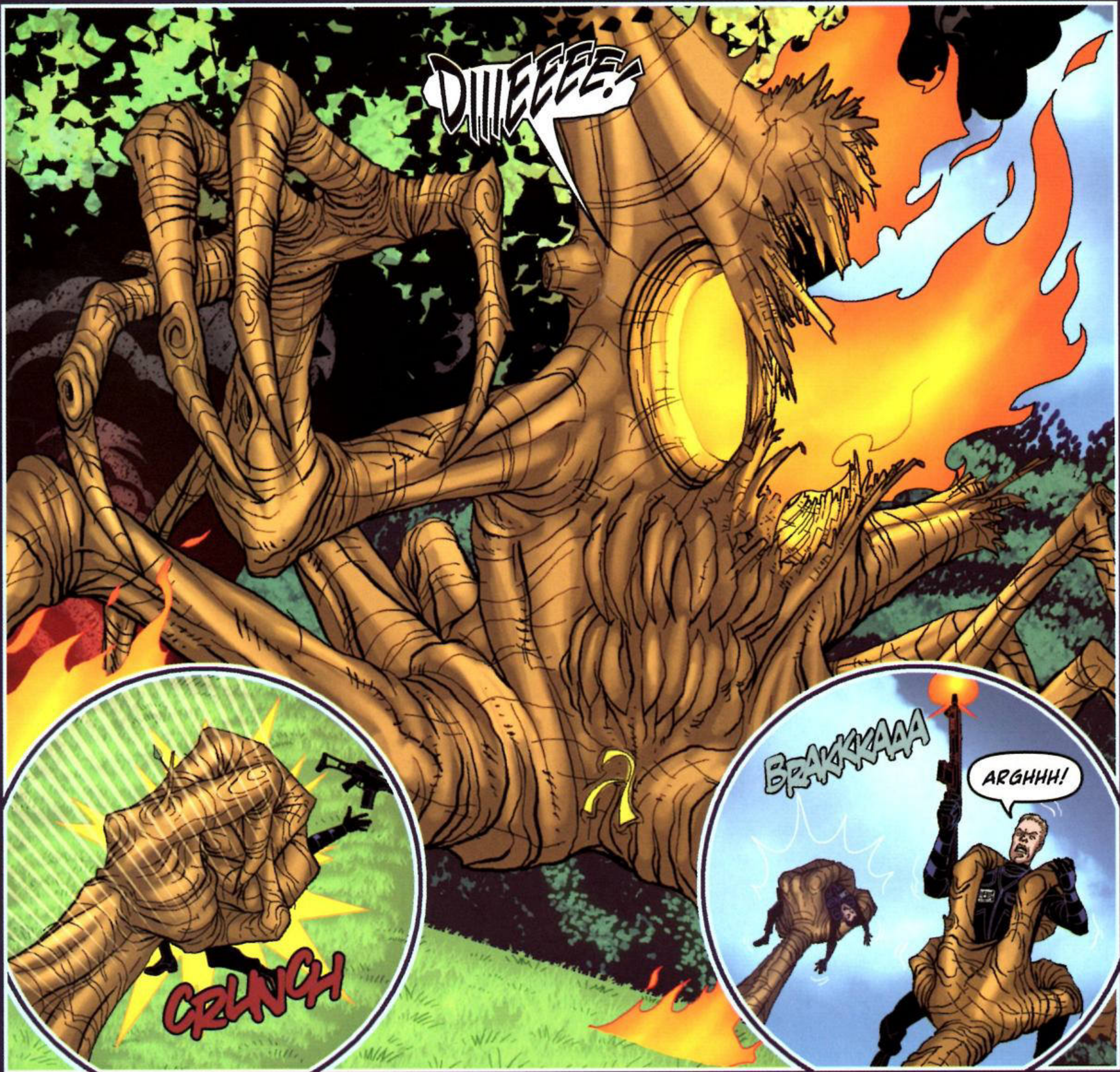
...THIS'LL ALL
END RIGHT
NOW.

BOOM!



DAMN.
FLAMETHROWERS
IT IS, THEN!

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE NOT
KRYNOIDS. THE VIRUS
WON'T WORK.
THE DOCTOR
WAS WRONG.

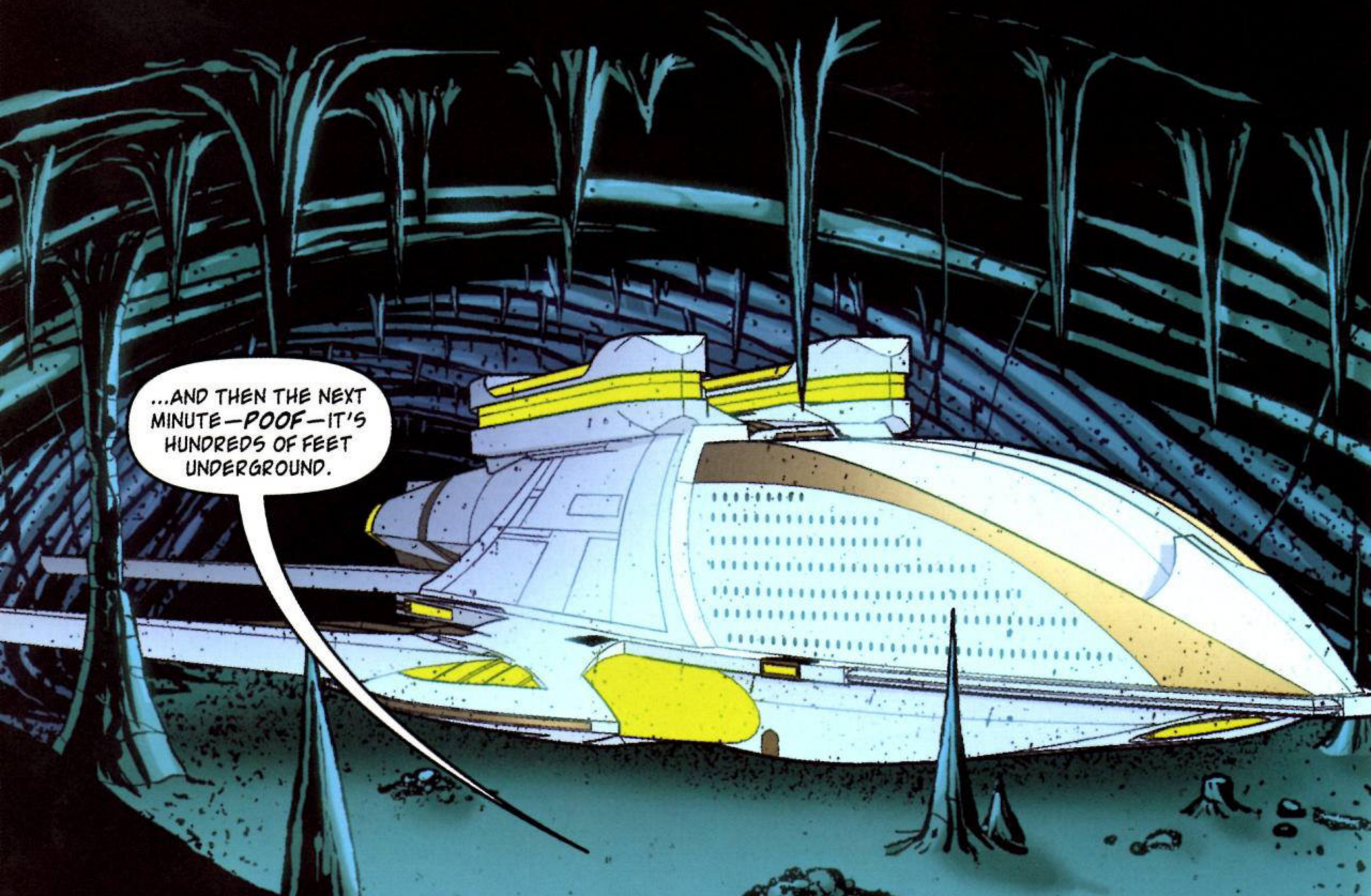




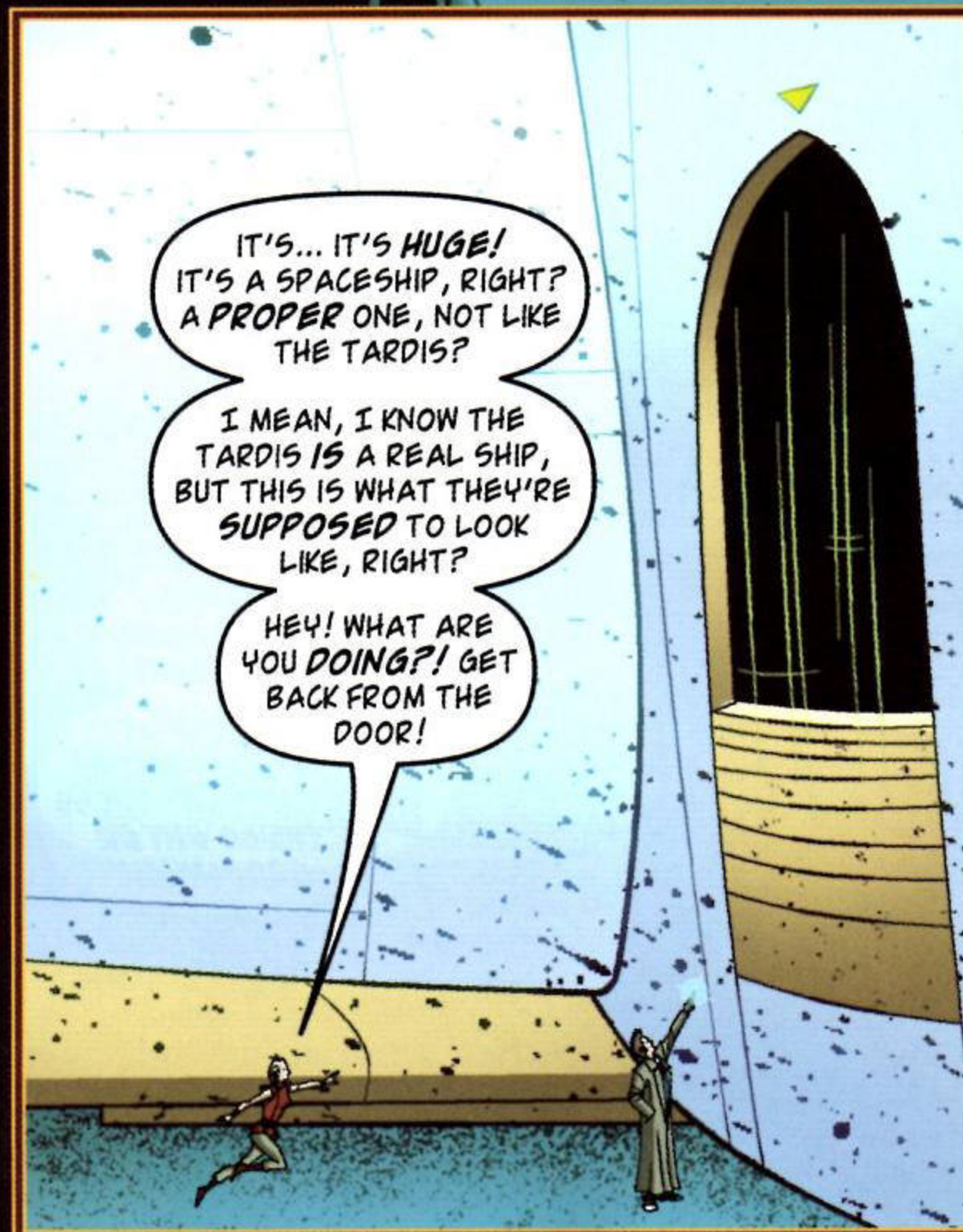


THOUSANDS OF YEARS, TRAPPED UNDER GREENWICH PARK ITSELF.

IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH THE RIFT. ONE MINUTE DEEP SPACE...



...AND THEN THE NEXT MINUTE—POOF—IT'S HUNDREDS OF FEET UNDERGROUND.



IT'S... IT'S **HUGE!** IT'S A SPACESHIP, RIGHT? A **PROPER** ONE, NOT LIKE THE TARDIS?

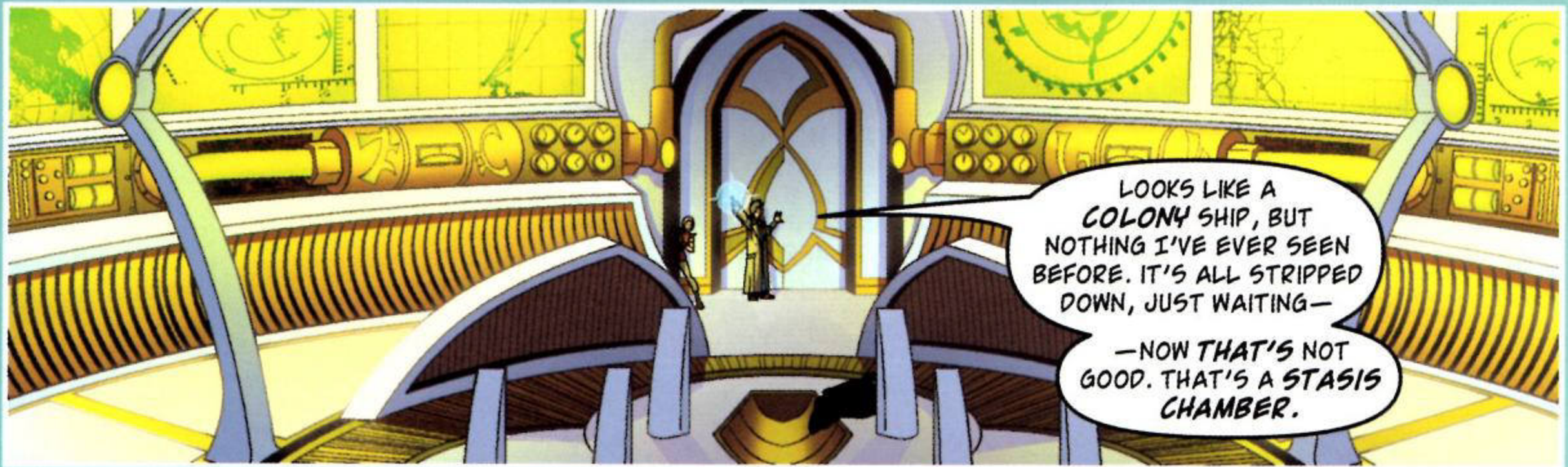
I MEAN, I KNOW THE TARDIS IS A REAL SHIP, BUT THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE **SUPPOSED** TO LOOK LIKE, RIGHT?

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?**! GET BACK FROM THE DOOR!



WHY? IF I DID THAT, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HAVE A LOOK **INSIDE**, NOW WOULD I?

ALLONS-Y, EMILY WINTER.



LOOKS LIKE A COLONY SHIP, BUT NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. IT'S ALL STRIPPED DOWN, JUST WAITING—

—NOW THAT'S NOT GOOD. THAT'S A STASIS CHAMBER.



A LARGE STASIS CHAMBER. THERE'S AT LEAST A THOUSAND PODS IN THERE... AND THIS SHIP IS BIG ENOUGH FOR TEN, TWENTY OTHERS, JUST LIKE THIS.

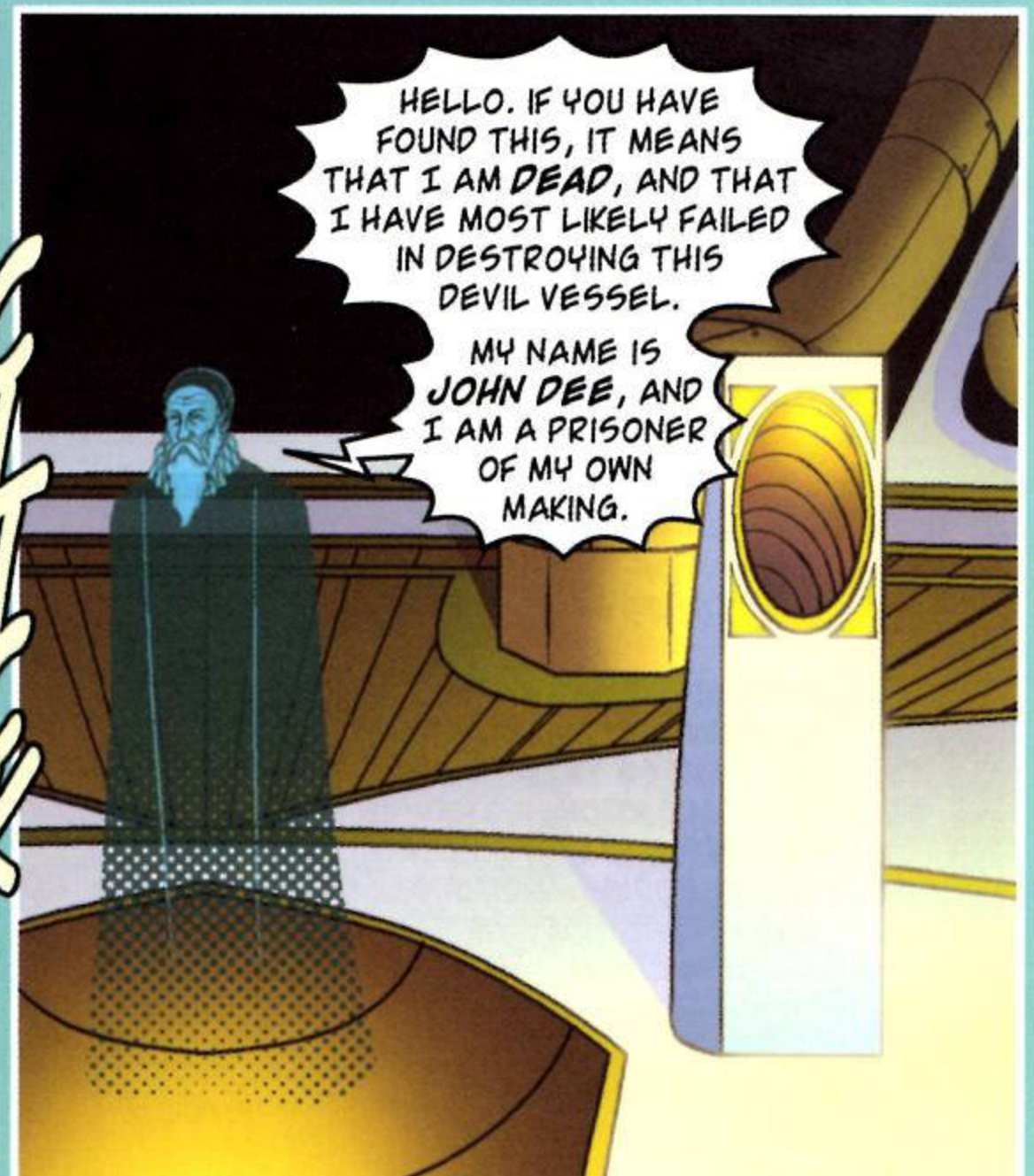
EACH ONE WITH AN ANGEL, EACH POSSIBLY AS BONKERS MAD AS THE ONE WE JUST LEFT.



HELLO, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE, THEN? HUMAN REMAINS, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN.

BUT WHAT WOULD A HUMAN BE DOING IN A SHIP LIKE THIS?

THIS SWITCH HAS A NOTE BESIDE IT, DOCTOR. IT READS "PRESS ME"—



HELLO. IF YOU HAVE FOUND THIS, IT MEANS THAT I AM DEAD, AND THAT I HAVE MOST LIKELY FAILED IN DESTROYING THIS DEVIL VESSEL.

MY NAME IS JOHN DEE, AND I AM A PRISONER OF MY OWN MAKING.



JOHN DEE? BUT YOU SAID HE DIED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!

HE DID. THAT PILE OF BONES IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF HIM.

HE MUST HAVE FOUND HIMSELF TRAPPED DOWN HERE, NO FOOD, AND NO WATER—AND SIMPLY DIED.



MANY YEARS AGO, THESE ANGELS SPOKE TO ME THROUGH A FRIEND, **EDWARD KELLEY**, BUT IT WAS I ALONE THAT DISCOVERED THEIR PRISON.

I BROUGHT MY LIBRARY HERE, HOPING TO FIND SOMETHING WITHIN THE BOOKS THAT COULD **SAVE** THE ANGELS BEFORE I DIED, BUT INSTEAD I LEARNED SOMETHING **WORSE**.



BUT HOW CAN HE BE **HERE**? YOU SAID HE WAS BURIED AT MORTLAKE!

NO, I SAID HE WAS **BELIEVED** TO HAVE DIED THERE. NOBODY ACTUALLY **KNOWS** WHERE THE BODY IS.

THEY NEVER FOUND AN ACCURATE GRAVESTONE. IT WAS ASSUMED HE SIMPLY HAD A **PAUPER'S BURIAL**.



THEY **WEREN'T** ACCIDENTAL VICTIMS— THEY CAME HERE TO **CONQUER**. BY CHANCE THEIR SHIP WAS BURIED, THEIR PEOPLE TRAPPED, ENERGY BEINGS IN CLOCKWORK SUITS.

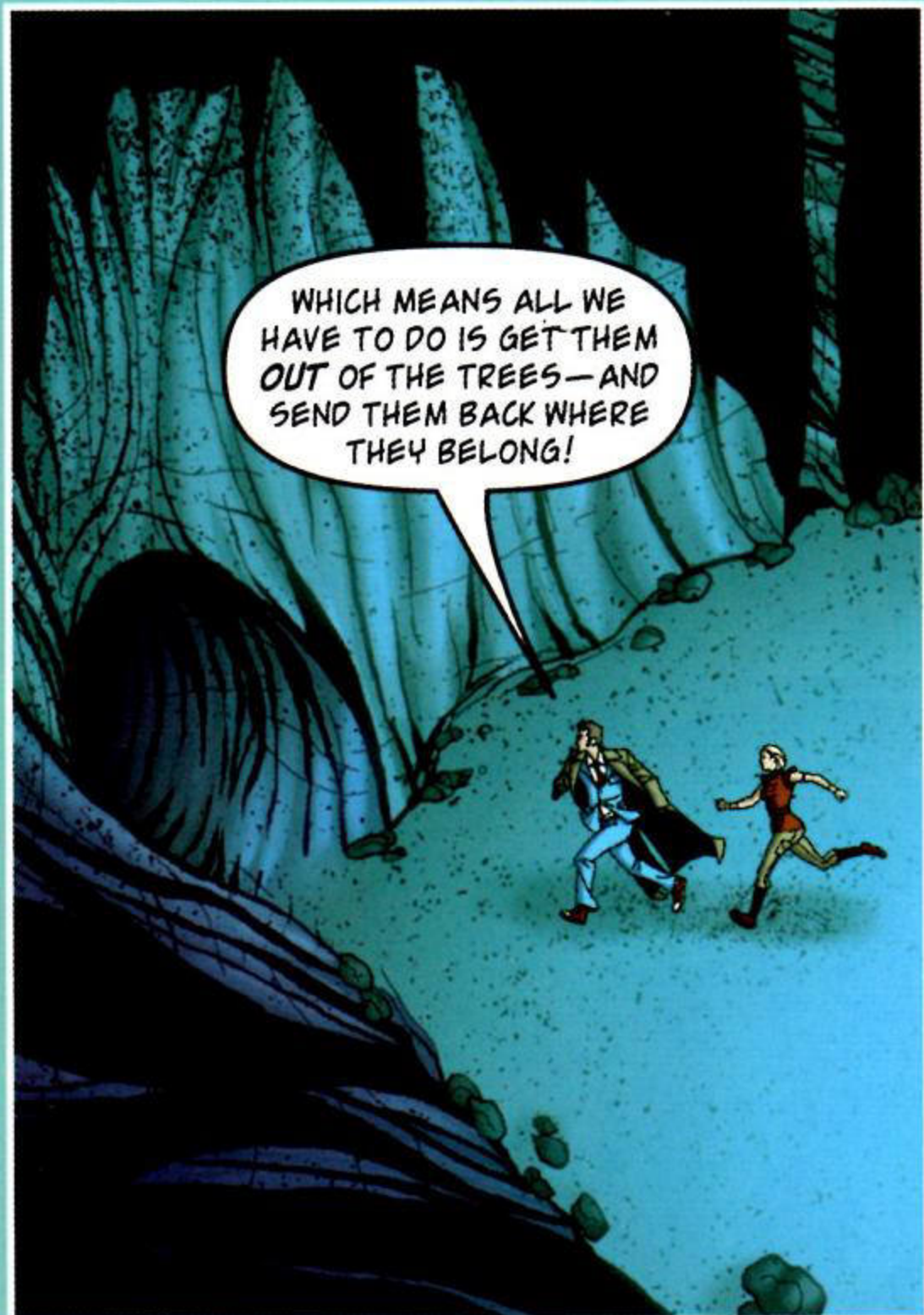
ONE IS TRAPPED ABOVE, AND I FEAR THAT IF HE IS FREED, HE CAN RELEASE THE OTHERS. AND SO I WAIT HERE UNTIL I **DIE**, GUARDING THE GATE.

I'M SORRY. I **FAILED**.



OF **COURSE**!

WE NEED TO GET BACK TO THE SURFACE! WE HAVE TO TELL **UNIT**! THESE TREES AREN'T ACCIDENTAL CREATIONS—THEY'RE **ENOCHIAN**S WHO DON'T HAVE CLOCKWORK BODIES ANYMORE! SQUATTERS MADE OF ENERGY!



WHICH MEANS ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET THEM **OUT** OF THE TREES—AND SEND THEM BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!



CLATTER

WAIT, CAN YOU HEAR THAT?

YUP, SOUNDS LIKE OLD CRANEY IS COMING TO FIND US. WE'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT.



BUT WHAT IF THERE ISN'T?

OH, THERE WILL BE. GIANT SHIP LIKE THAT APPEARING OUT OF NOWHERE—**BOUND TO BE A FEW STRESS FRACTURES AROUND.**



HERE WE ARE! QUICK, START MAKING YOUR WAY UP THAT. TAKE **THIS**—IF YOU HIT A BLOCKAGE, USE IT TO DISLodge IT A BIT.

SONICS, YOU SEE. AIMED RIGHT, YOU CAN LITERALLY **DRILL** YOUR WAY TO THE SURFACE. MIGHT HURT A LITTLE THOUGH, FALLING STONES AND ALL THAT.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU'RE **FOLLOWING ME**, RIGHT?



YEAH... **THAT'S** NOT GONNA HAPPEN. SOMEONE NEEDS TO DISTRACT OL' CRANEY.

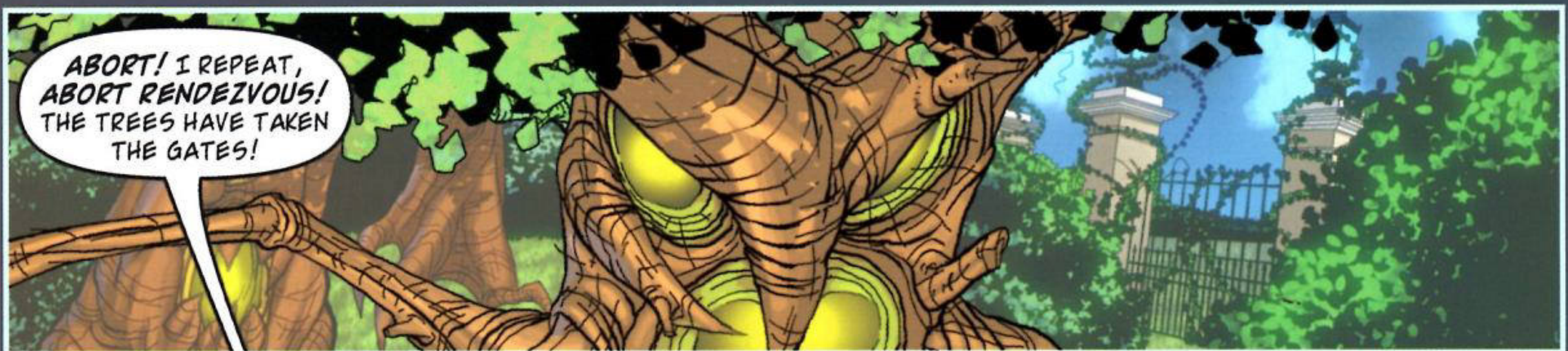
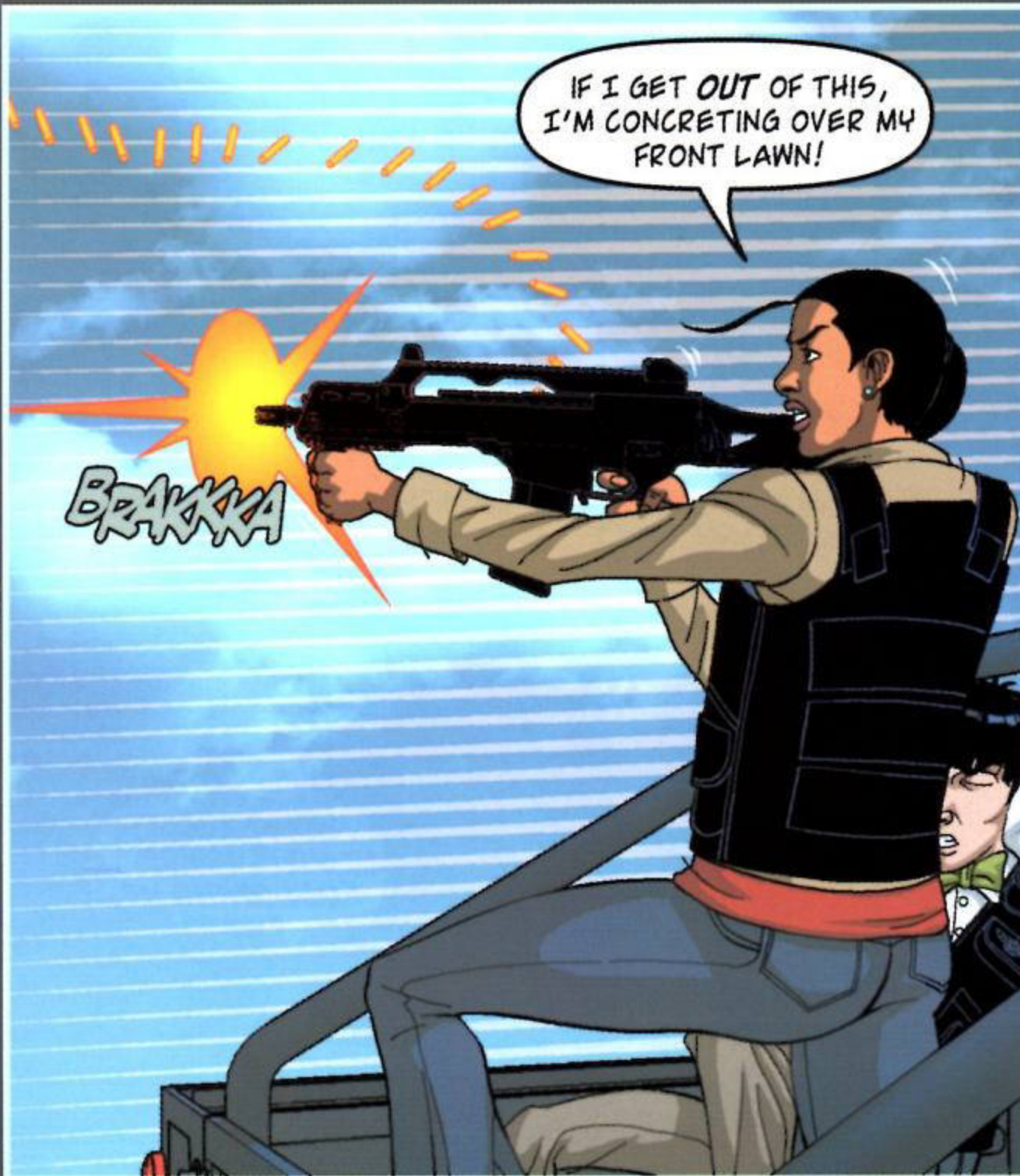
TALKING OF WHICH—**HULLLO!**



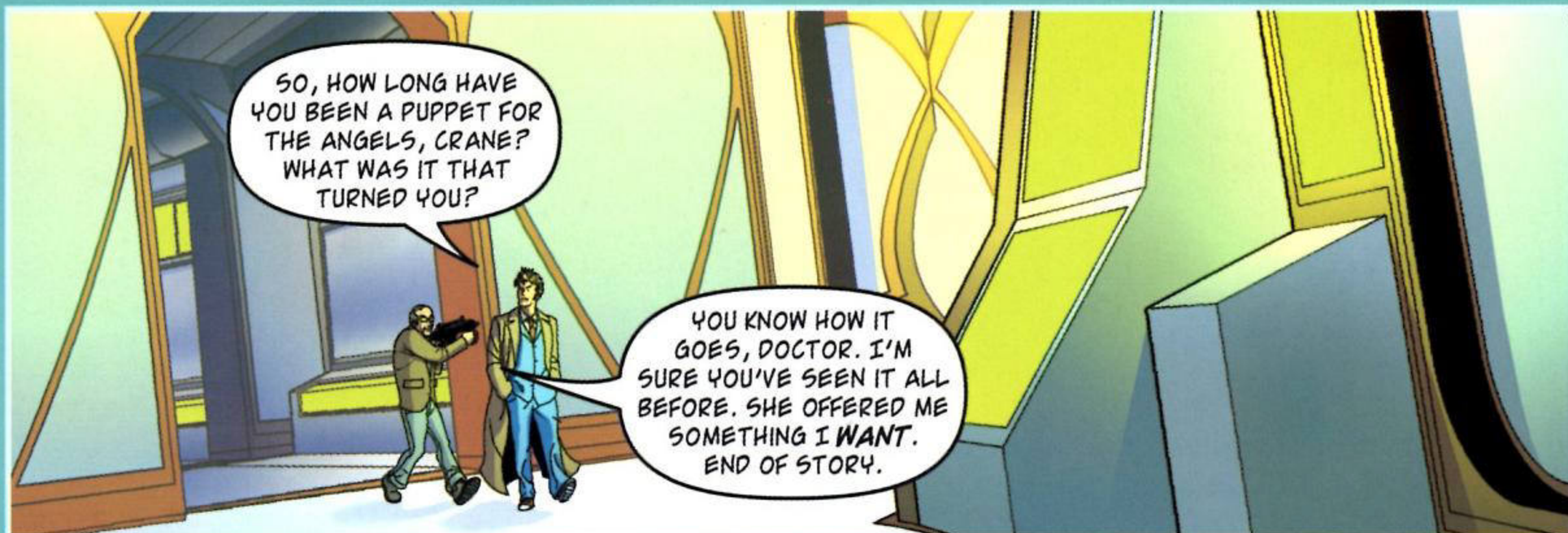
TALKING TO YOURSELF, DOCTOR? THAT'S THE FIRST SIGN OF **MADNESS**.

I SHOULD KNOW BECAUSE I'VE BEEN THERE. I'VE MOVED ON, THOUGH.

I NOW TALK TO **ANGELS**.

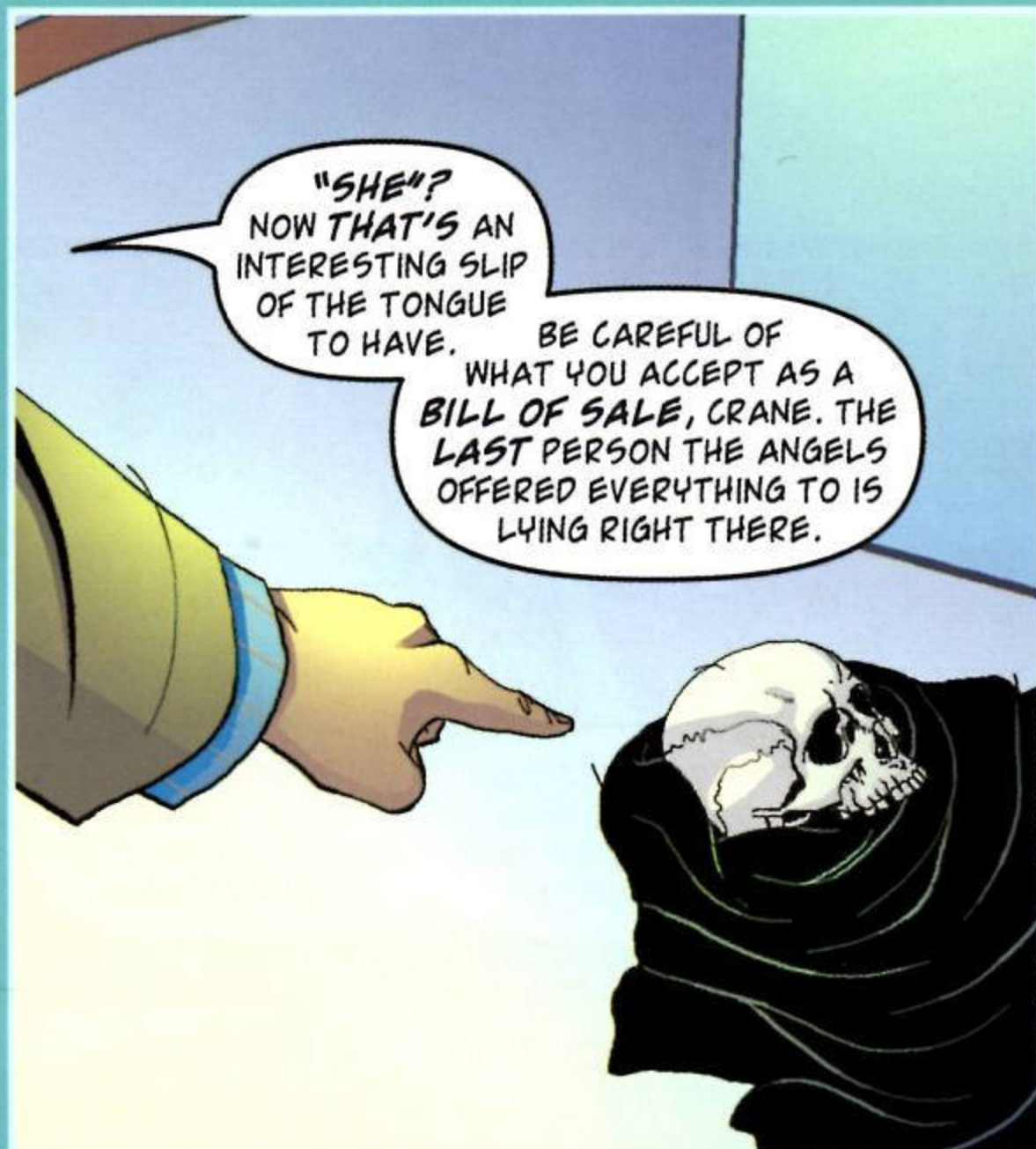






SO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A PUPPET FOR THE ANGELS, CRANE? WHAT WAS IT THAT TURNED YOU?

YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES, DOCTOR. I'M SURE YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL BEFORE. SHE OFFERED ME SOMETHING I WANT. END OF STORY.



"SHE"? NOW THAT'S AN INTERESTING SLIP OF THE TONGUE TO HAVE.

BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU ACCEPT AS A BILL OF SALE, CRANE. THE LAST PERSON THE ANGELS OFFERED EVERYTHING TO IS LYING RIGHT THERE.



LOOK, DOCTOR, I'M NOT A BAD MAN.

IT'S JUST... SOMETIMES I FEEL I HAVE SO MUCH MORE THAT SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME! I SHOULD BE LEADING COMPANIES, NOT SITTING IN A TWO-BEDROOM IN THE SUBURBS.

I KNOW CEOs WHO DREAM OF YOUR LIFE. DON'T TAKE IT FOR GRANTED.



OH, BELIEVE ME, I DON'T. AND SOON, THOSE CEOs WILL BE SWAPPING PLACES QUITE HAPPILY.

I HAVE THE DOCTOR. THE WOMAN HAS ESCAPED.

LEAVE HER, THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT! LET HER DIE DOWN THERE LIKE DEE!

BRING THE DOCTOR AND HIS SONIC DEVICE TO ME!



AH. WHOOPS. LOST IT. I'M ALWAYS DOING THAT.

I COULD PROBABLY FIND A CHEESE SANDWICH OR A WALNUT WHIP IF YOU WANT...



NO! I WILL
NOT BE DENIED!
MY BROTHERS
NEED MY AID!

LOCK HIM AWAY!
LET HIM FEEL WHAT
I HAVE FELT FOR
SO LONG!



YEAH, I GUESS
IT SUCKS TO BE
YOU RIGHT NOW,
THEN.

COME ON,
DOCTOR, I KNOW
JUST THE PLACE
FOR YOU.



OH, DOCTOR,
BRAVELY **SACRIFICING**
YOURSELF SO THAT THE
ENEMY CANNOT WIN.



ALWAYS SO PIOUS,
ALWAYS THE **MARTYR**,
WHETHER YOU HOLD A
LIFE, A PRINCIPLE, OR
EVEN A **MOMENT** IN
YOUR HAND.

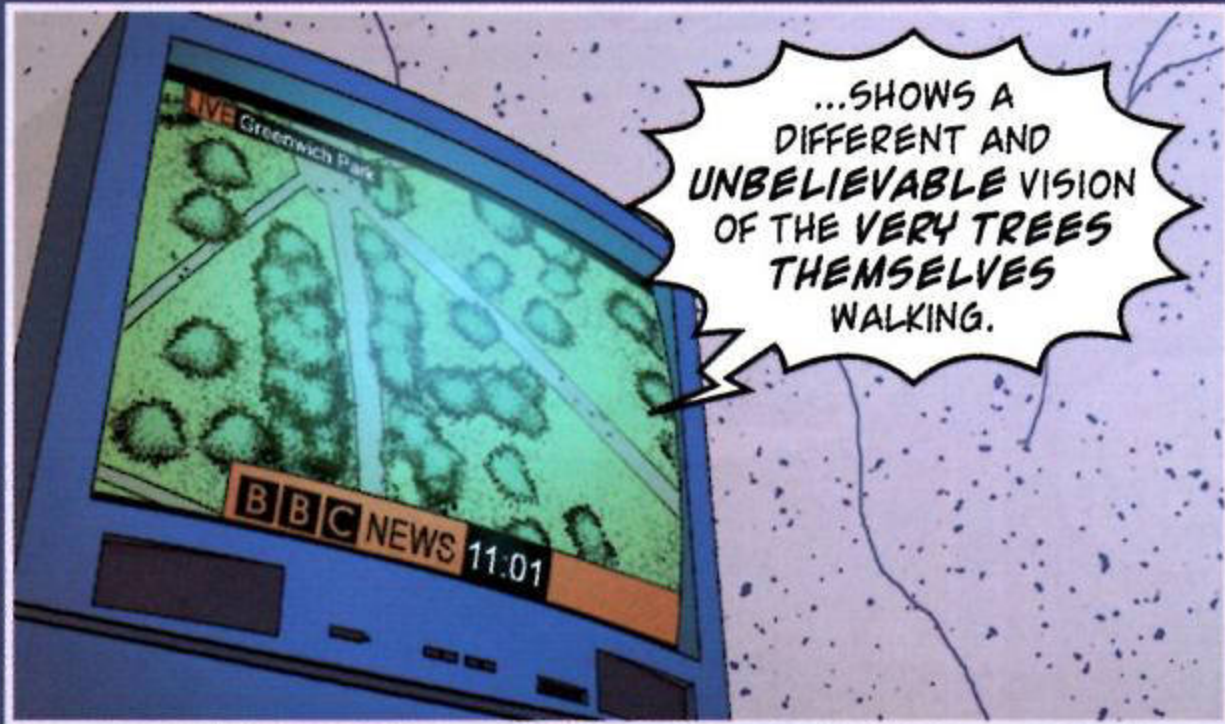
SO NOBLE.
SO **STUPID**.



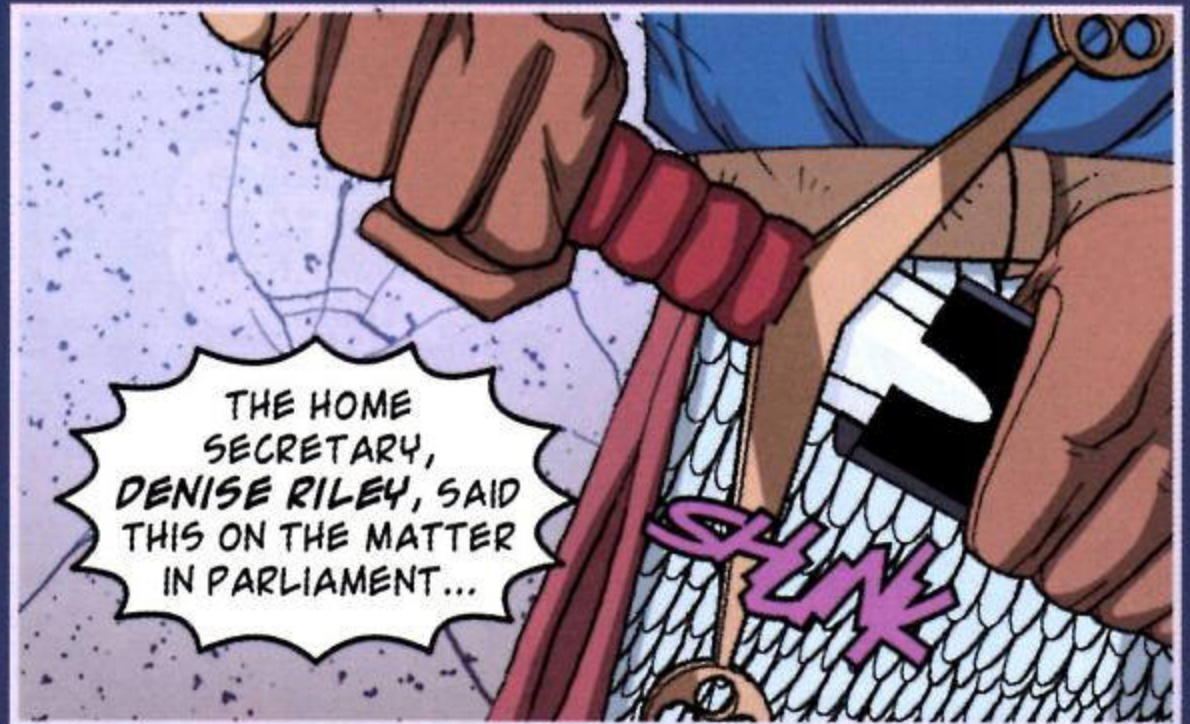
BECAUSE
THIS TIME...
I'M HERE.



...SOURCES
STATE THAT THE
PARK HAS BEEN
CLOSED DUE TO A GAS
LEAK, ALTHOUGH
AERIAL FOOTAGE...



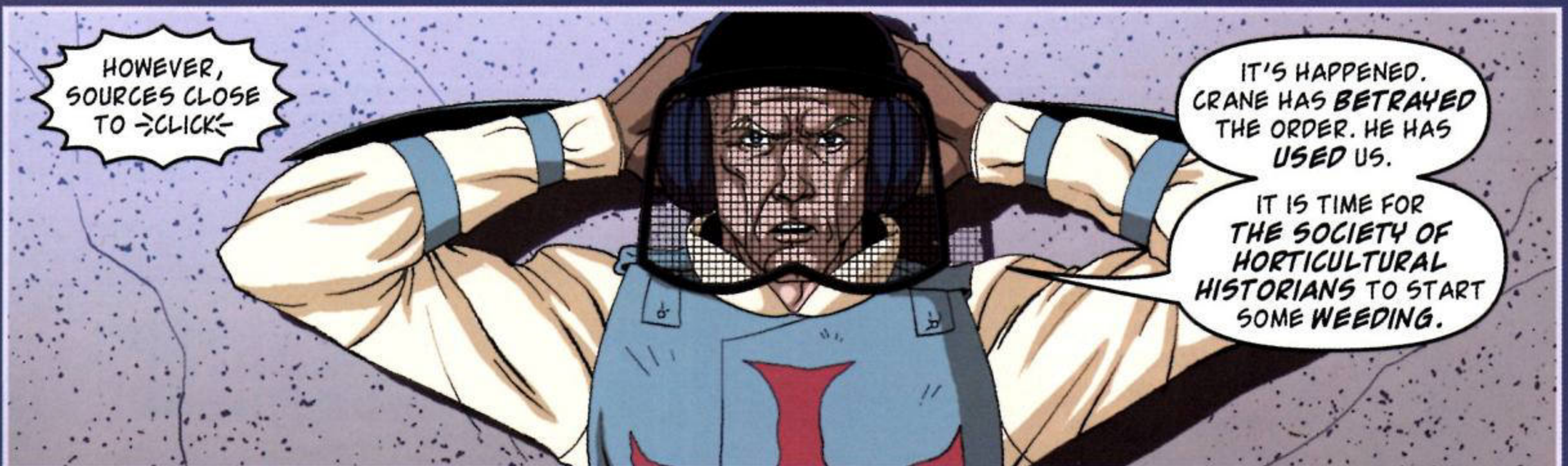
...SHOWS A
DIFFERENT AND
UNBELIEVABLE VISION
OF THE VERY TREES
THEMSELVES
WALKING.



THE HOME
SECRETARY,
DENISE RILEY, SAID
THIS ON THE MATTER
IN PARLIAMENT...



...DON'T BE SO SILLY!
WALKING TREES? NO, I'VE BEEN
RELIABLY INFORMED THAT IT'S PURELY
A SUNSPOT-RELATED ERRONEOUS
VISUAL CAUSED BY THE GAS LEAK
THAT AFFECTS CAMERAS.
NOTHING MORE.



HOWEVER,
SOURCES CLOSE
TO CRANE

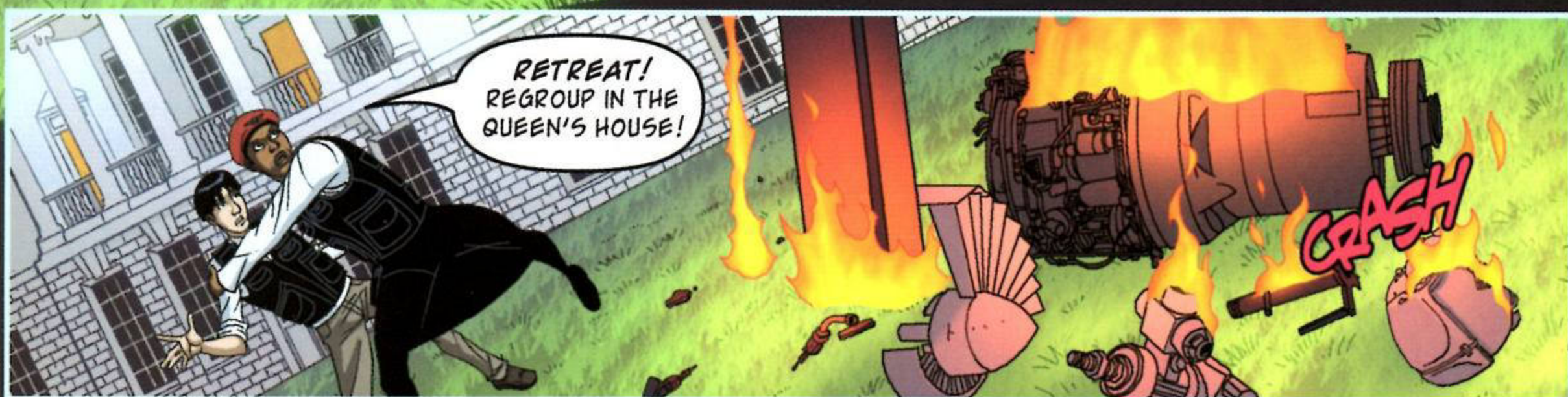
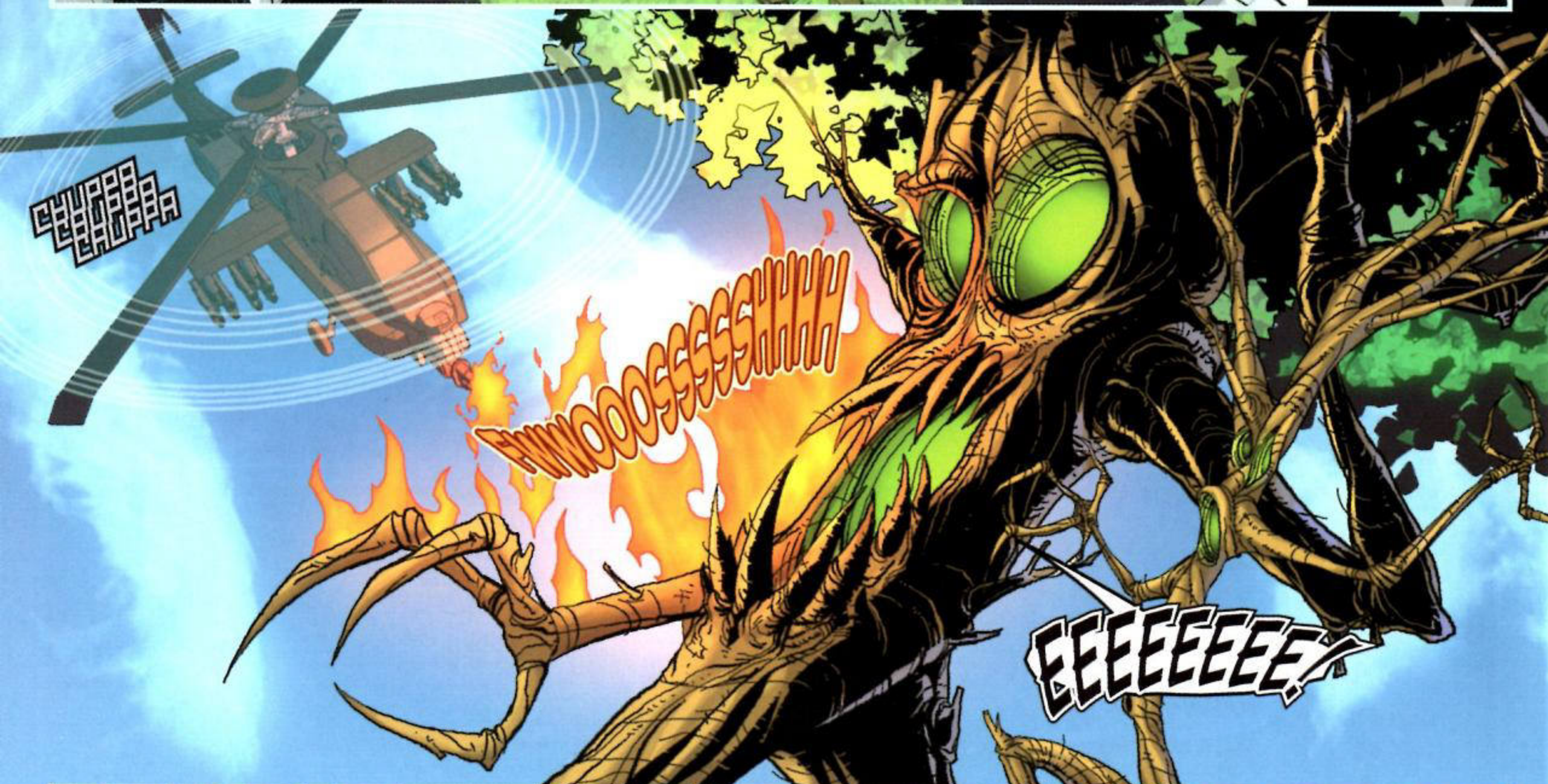
IT'S HAPPENED.
CRANE HAS BETRAYED
THE ORDER. HE HAS
USED US.

IT IS TIME FOR
THE SOCIETY OF
HORTICULTURAL
HISTORIANS TO START
SOME WEEDING.



IT IS TIME
FOR THE KNIGHTS
ARBORETUM TO
RETURN.





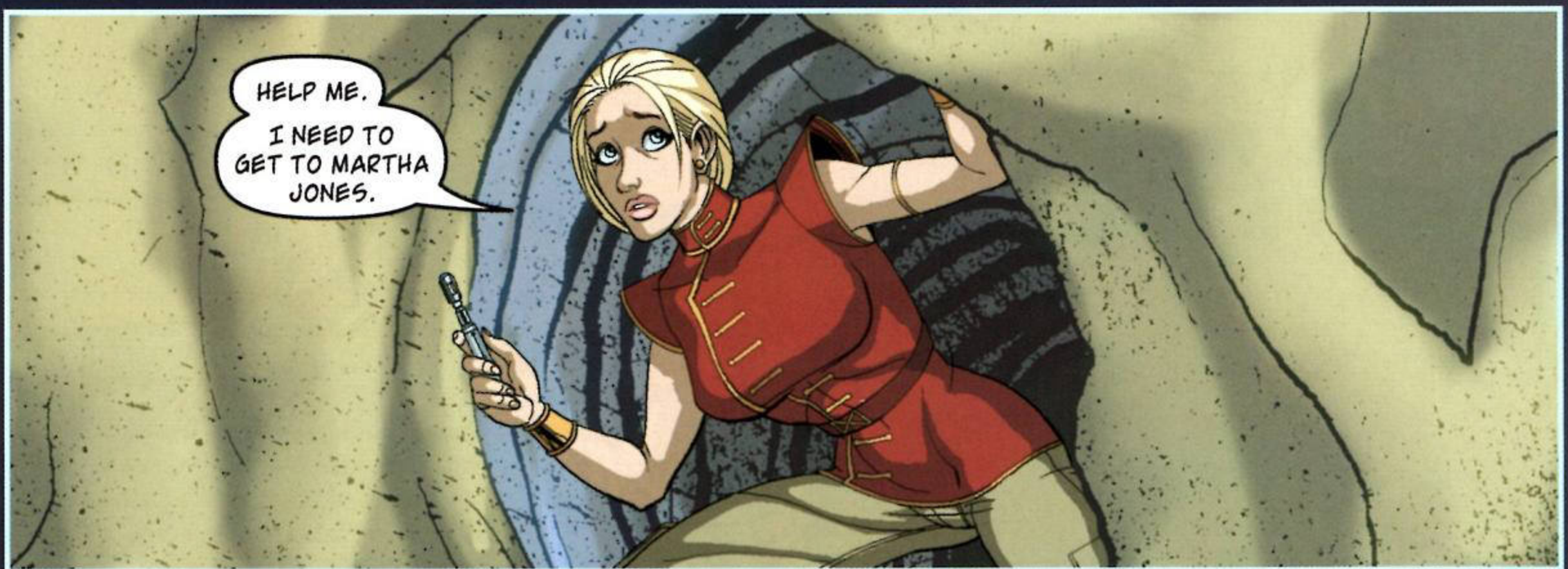


I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE!

WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EARTHQUAKE!
I AIN'T GOING DOWN NO TUNNEL IN AN EARTHQUAKE!



HALT! WHO—OR WHAT—GOES THERE?



HELP ME.
I NEED TO GET TO MARTHA JONES.

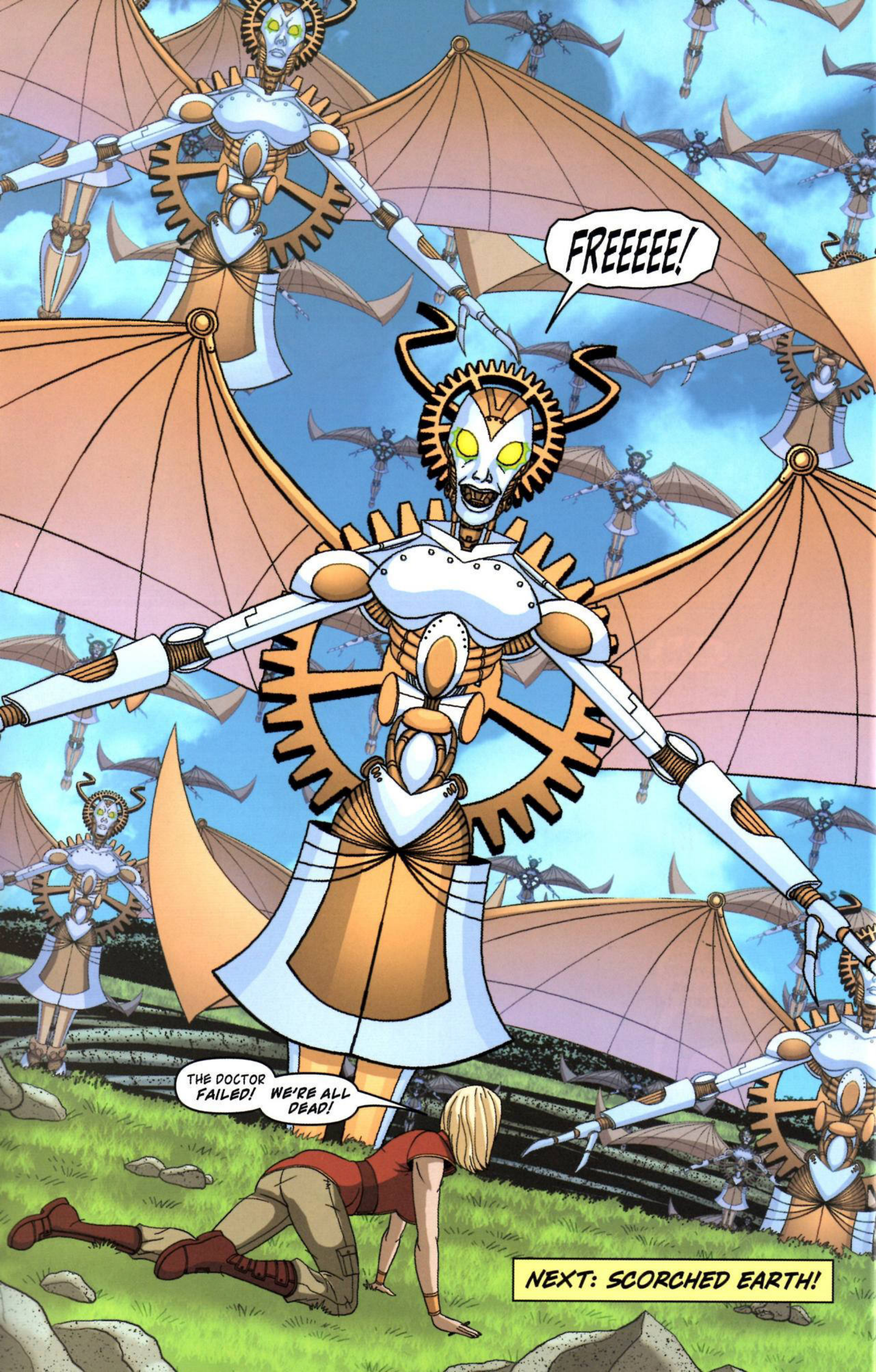


BLOW ME! IT'S MISS WINTER!
WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?

HE STAYED BEHIND. HE BOUGHT US TIME.
HE'S UNDERGROUND STILL—



LOOK OUT! IT'S—
—OH MY GOD—THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM!



FREEEEE!

THE DOCTOR
FAILED! WE'RE ALL
DEAD!

NEXT: SCORCHED EARTH!